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The big interests don't want United States senators elected by a direct vote. There is a reason.

It begins to look now like the senate will vote to unseat Senator Lorimer by the time his term ends.

St. Louis would like to have the state capital, but would be more pleased with the baseball pennants this year.

Press dispatches of the Gould-Decies wedding stated that the bride looked "tiny, but pretty." Lord Decies, however, was probably less interested in the size of the bride than he was in the size of her pile.

Waterways get \$34,000,000 from the public funds during the next year, good roads get 6. Do you see the point, you fellows who are paying the freight and wade in the mud to turn in the money? Are you always going to be played for a sucker?

It is reported that J. Pierp. Morgan is about to gobble up the telephone companies. Just give him a few more years time and J. P. will have about everything that's worth buying, and the rest of us will be working for him. Let us hope he will prove the easy boss.

We believe and will maintain it that the Journal can be Republican and stand for the welfare, interests and progress of the masses at the same time. At least we have all along had the idea that this is what Republicanism meant, and we believe also that President Lincoln and others who founded the party had somewhat similar notions.

There is a prospect that St. Louis will have to endure four dry days in succession before long, on account of Sunday and primary election days following in regular succession. Horrible to contemplate! But St. Louisians may console themselves with the fact that the breweries will keep running steadily in the meantime, and there will be plenty of suds when the drouth breaks.

County warrants have been selling this week for ninety-five cents on the dollar. This is the first time in over forty years that Iron county warrants have been less than par.—Ironton Register.

And yet Iron county's finances are being administered by Democrats. Up here in Washington county, where Republicans govern, there is no discounts on county warrants, and but for the fact that several big land-owning corporations are delinquent in their taxes, there would be no outstanding warrants.

Vivien Gould can now strut around with a gilt bauble on her head and be called, me lady, yet her grandfather, old Jay, was a clock peddler before he caught onto the job of shearing lambs. Our plutocracy is aching to found a nobility class in this country, they already regard themselves as human beings entirely distinct and separate from the "common people," who exist only to be exploited for the benefit of those "divinely appointed" to collar all the surplus wealth of the nation.

Charles C. Trainer, a St. Louis man, who thought his wife had legally divorced him, married again, only to find that there had been no divorce from wife No. 1. So now he has to serve a term in the penitentiary. Only a few weeks ago another St. Louis man married the third time without going to the trouble of a legal separation from his former wives, and when brought into court was paroled on his sentence and fined \$500. The latter is a millionaire, the former just one of the "common people," or another singular case of Mr. Dobb and Mr. Dough.

The destruction of the old capitol building at Jefferson City by fire recently will apparently lead

to a \$5,000,000 bond issue for a new building. This proposition will be put to the people within the next few months. The question of a change in the seat of the state government will undoubtedly be submitted to the voters again, along with the bond proposition, and it begins to appear that St. Louis will be in the fight to secure the capital. Jefferson City has nothing to recommend it for the seat of the state government except the tradition that follows long usage, while St. Louis can offer a thousand good reasons why it should be made the capital city of the state. The Journal is disposed to favor St. Louis in the coming fight.

The state senate at the demand of a big delegation of bakers, which went to Jefferson City for that purpose, killed the state egg bill. The people who had no lobby present, and whose representatives have thus again been recreant to their duty, will continue to consume stale eggs in their bakery products. You have perhaps broken in your time an egg that has reached the utmost limit of filthy decay and know how it is almost impossible to remain in the vicinity of it because of its frightful odor, yet just such eggs are used daily by the commercial bakeries; why? Because they are cheaper than fresh eggs, and therefore the profits of the bakers are larger. The process of cooking destroys the odor, so why give the consumer fresh eggs? We have said before that every interest of the people—health and even life itself—must be subjected to the commercial greed for profits. If there is anything above all others that our law-makers should provide for, it should be the purity and wholesomeness of food products. The dangers Americans have to undergo from these abuses are frightful, and it is carried so far that articles of food condemned in foreign countries as unfit for consumption there, are exported to this country and sold to the American consumer, because here our laws offer but little check on these things. Therefore when you eat your cake or anything else, just shut your eyes and go it blind.

Our Vanishing Democracy.

New York has had another fashionable wedding, and the country has been supplied with all the details. The police were employed to keep the vulgarly curious in check; the ceremony was made extraordinary by the expenditure of \$75,000—a sum which would have enabled a modest and serious couple to live ideally to the end of their days—and the reporters have obtained lists of the wedding presents, which have been spoken of in the terms of dollars and cents, rather than with respect to their sentimental significance.

We have become used to such spectacles, and do not marvel at them greatly any more. But in the public mind there is a conviction that such things are not as they should be. The most beautiful contract which can be made between any two persons has assumed the aspects of a hippodrome. The modern Penelope does not undo the day's weaving by night, that the true love may return. She familiarizes herself with the problem of peepages, and she wants the cost-mark to remain visible.

Yet those who feel like something is wrong—that something has gone from the beautiful simplicity of life—fail to hit upon the true root of the evil. They speak with hatred of marriages between individuals of different nations; yet obviously there can be no harm in this. They decry the wedding of daughters of the people with men of titles—yet these are wholly superficial barriers, and should not count.

There is much illumination in the story of Balzac's "Father Goriot," who amasses a great fortune by means which are not always scrupulously honest, and gives his whole fortune to his two daughters, while he still is

in the prime of life. And his daughters, like the daughters of Lear, abandon him, and he dies miserably and alone, marveling as to the cause of his wretchedness, and wondering wherein lay his sin.

It did not occur to Father Goriot—nor apparently to Balzac—that the whole trouble lay in the amassing of too much money by questionable means.

Great fortunes and true democracy are incompatible; and so long as the first increase in number, the second must vanish little by little from the earth.—St. Louis Times.

Freak Shadows in Oil.

In the crude oil producing regions in California there are scores of large ponds of this material. After being pumped to the surface, the petroleum is emptied into depressions in the earth, where it remains for a time. Later the crude oil is placed in barrels, large metal cans, or else in big reservoirs. These oil ponds are known as "sump holes."

There is one very peculiar thing about these "sump holes," and that is in the way of producing what are known as "freak shadows." These are real shadows, but, notwithstanding this fact, they are decidedly "freaky." If the sun is shining brightly and a person stands for a few moments on the margin of the "sump hole," so that his shadow falls on the surface of the petroleum, and he then quickly changes his position, the dim shadow remains just where it was originally cast, in other words, "the shadow does not follow the substance."

This may seem like a paradox, but it is true. The instant a person shifts his position his shadow is again cast in a new place, yet the former shadow remains unchanged. The longer a person stands in one particular spot, the longer will the shadow be visible.

Hundreds of experiments have been made along these lines, and every time the same results have been produced. The simple explanation for this phenomenon is that under the hot sun gas is being constantly generated down in the body of the petroleum, and it rises to the surface in the form of little, minute bubbles. So very small are these bubbles that they are scarcely visible to the naked eye. Millions of these wee-bubbles are rising to the top all of the time, when the bubbles break and the gas is liberated, passing into the air.

Both the gas and bubbles are so very super-sensitive to the temperature that even one's shadow cast for a moment across them is affected. The temperature is lowered. Whenever the substance quickly changes position the shadow remains until the rays again warm up that spot and the shadowy outline slowly fades away. Of course the "freak shadow" may be seen for only a few seconds.—Scientific American.

Latty.

The Latty people want the state capital, as an inducement to offer free lots, a good location, lots of wind, water and wood. If we can't have it at Latty, we want it at St. Louis.

Miss Latty Higginbotham visited Mrs. Zora Johnson one day last week. John Gibson and wife of Shirley visited at the home of John. Bouse Sunday last.

"Aunt" Phoebe Bouse is suffering with a severe attack of the grip.

The Liberty telephone people are still doing repair work on their line and are getting it up to date.

Jud Richeson has sold a fine mare to Walter Higginbotham for the fancy price of \$200.

Miss Ruth Springer visited Mrs. Zora Johnson Saturday and Sunday.

Gray Casey of Potosi and Gordon Cresswell of Apts visited at the Martin home Sunday eve.

Mr. Lee Pinson and wife of Brazil were visitors in Latty last week; also Mr. P. Summers and wife of Hinch creek.

Sam Stephens is still on the sick list.

Mrs. Blanche Engledow and baby of Hematite, Mo., are visiting at the home of Buford Hargus here.

Eugene Declue is making arrangements to move into the house vacated by Walter Simmons last fall.

Educational Fair.

There will be an Educational Fair held at Potosi, Mo., March 23d, 1911, at which work will be placed on exhibition, from the various schools of Washington county.

The Fair will be given at the public school building at Potosi. There will be ample room for the exhibit of each district in the county. Any work done by pupils as part of their school work and also any work showing their capabilities will be included in the exhibit. Teachers will be permitted to show what their pupils can do in the way of needlework, the manufacture of school apparatus and school furniture, maps, neatly worked examples, the busy work of little ones, essays, Language and grammar lessons will be gladly welcomed. Space will be reserved for each district in the county and a placard will show the name of the teacher and the number of the district. Already work is being prepared in many of our schools, and it is of a high degree of excellence. If the school should close prior to March 23d or the teacher for any other reason should be unable to attend, the work to be exhibited may be placed in the hands of the County Superintendent and one of the pupils or another teacher can take charge of the exhibit. It was originally intended to have the Fair on Feb. 22d, as that is a legal holiday, but after consulting with the teachers of the county it was deemed best to have it on the day before the March examination for the reason that a large number of teachers will be compelled to attend it and a great deal of extra expense will thus be avoided. The Fair is expected to show what our live, up-to-date teachers are doing in their school rooms. State Superintendent Evans informs me that if it is possible he will either be present or have a State Inspector or Rural Schools with us on that occasion. All who are interested in the cause of education are cordially invited to attend. It will be a good place for the school officers of the county to get a line upon the work of teachers with a view to securing good service next year. The conduct and management of the Fair will be in the hands of a committee of teachers. The matter of prizes will be taken up and considered on a future occasion.

Get Useful Information.

"There's no place like a pawnshop for picking up useful hints," said the improvident man. "Every time I happen into one I glean some item of general information that almost reconciles me to the necessity for being there. On my last visit I saw another man redeeming ostrich feathers. Our uncle brought them out tightly sealed in a glass jar."

"What did you can them for?" the man asked.

"So they wouldn't spoil," said the pawnbroker. "A glass jar is the safest thing on earth to keep feathers in. Moths and dust cannot get at them, besides you can keep an eye on them easily and any trouble that might have been breeding when the feathers were brought in can be discovered and nipped in the bud."

"That hint I consider worth going to a pawnshop for. The way things look now nobody belonging to me will ever have any ostrich plumes to take care of, but if we ever do have any I shall know what to do with them."

True Consistency.

A prominent Chicago Sunday school worker and club woman went into one of the Michigan avenue china studios to make some purchases. After examining different pieces on one table the customer turned to the artist and said: "I think I will take everything that is on the table. But what is this jar for? I never saw anything just like it before," pointing to one done in pearl lustre, about four inches high and having a fluted cover.

"That is a potpourri jar," answered the artist.

"Oh, is it?" she queried, then she turned to the artist and said in a decided manner, "I will take everything but that, and I have always made a point never to buy or have a thing to do with anything pertaining to poker."

Probably.

Sunday School Teacher—After he heard the people shouting "Saul has slain his thousands," but David has slain his tens of thousands!" what did Saul do then?

Willie (whose father "also ran")—I suppose he got right up an' boistered for a recruit.—Puck.

VAN DRIVER WAS DISGUSTED

Thought Magistrates Should Wear Their Gowns on Street, So They Could Be Dodged.

Magistrate O'Connor was picking his disgruntled way through the rain the other day, says the New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Times-Star. He had hailed a street car from the pavement, and, sheltered under his umbrella, made for the rear platform, when a four-ton furniture van whirled on him, drawn by three briskly trotting horses. Magistrate O'Connor escaped demolition by a brisk sidewise leap. He called a remonstrance to the driver. As far as he could see, that personage had his head thrust around the corner of the furniture van, while he called back interesting items to the magistrate. Magistrate O'Connor chased him in the street car, caught him at a blockaded corner and had him arrested. The driver appeared before Magistrate O'Connor himself, when the latter had gotten into his silk robe of office.

"I could send you to the workhouse," said the still angry magistrate, "but I will let you off with a fine of \$5. I intend to use a warning to all reckless drivers." The driver looked at Magistrate O'Connor solemnly, and thrust his hand into his pocket. He peeled off five ones and started for the clerk's desk to pay.

"Hold on there," said Magistrate O'Connor, gathering up a bunch of his silk gown in nervous hands. "Haven't you anything to say for yourself?"

"Yes," said the driver, sourly. "They ought to make you guys wear them. Mother Hubbards on the street, so's a feller could dodge yuh."

"THIRSTY CANE" THE LATEST

Invention of Clever Frenchman That Makes Man Temperate by Drinking for Him.

A French inventor has hit upon a peculiar device for combating the drink evil. This is the "thirsty cane." Why do men drink? Because other men insist on standing them drinks. Many a big business deal is done over a glass, nowhere more so than in French cafes, and drummers would lose half their custom if they refused an appetizer offered by a customer, to whom they must of course stand another in return. The cane makes them temperate by drinking for them. Here is the inventor's description of it:

"The cane is hollow. The handle is pierced with several holes and a rubber tube inside forms a siphon. The air being expelled, the liquid is sucked up. The cane is emptied simply by turning a valve and the liquid absorbed can be poured into the street on leaving the saloon."

The cane is warranted to hold from six to ten aperitifs, according to size. It is simple to use, as the top need only be put into the liquid at intervals when the other man is not looking. The hollow cane reminds one of the "yards of ale" of medieval England. The yard was a glass measure three feet long. At one end was a bulb holding about half a pint, at the other was a trumpet-shaped mouthpiece, and the two were connected by a thin tube. The task, no easy one, was to drink the vessel dry without spilling a drop and at a single draught.

The Women of Brittany.

To the casual observer the Bretonne is not attractive or even supremely interesting. As a femme de chambre she is clumsy, slovenly and rough of speech, lacking the graces and neatness of her Parisian sister. She shuffles about in felt slippers, her voluminous black skirts catch in everything and if she waits at the table she shows her method of handling cutlery is strongly calculated to sever one's jugular vein. She has no regularity in her work, and at the hour that she ought to be making beds she is probably sitting on the public staircase nursing her baby. She is generally married and, conversely, often ten years younger than you take her to be. To English eyes she is rarely beautiful. Her hair is strained tightly under her cap, her cheeks have seldom any delicacy of tint and her figure and motions are ungainly and awkward.—Wide World.

Queer Marital Relations.

Curious marriage customs prevail among the people dwelling in the Tang Valley in India. Here it seems that the women are polygamous, and that several brothers possess one wife in common. The custom is said to be due to the poverty of the people. The children bear the names of all the husbands of the mother. How such a custom as to names works out in practice it is difficult to comprehend. The divorce customs are very simple. If the husband establishes that his wife is a bad cook it is a sufficient ground; and on the wife's side, if she can show that her husband fails to provide for the upkeep of the house she obtains relief.

Shock Alarmed Glasgow.

Severe earthquake shocks are rare in Scotland and therefore the districts surrounding Glasgow were thrown into a state of considerable alarm last week following a sudden jar and upheaval which lasted for a few seconds. The inhabitants rushed from their houses into the streets, thinking at first that the shocks were caused by an explosion at a gasworks. No serious damage was done, although the earth tremors caused many gas mantles to break. Buildings in Glasgow were shaken, crockery was rattled, and the girls in the telephone exchanges were alarmed by many bells being set ringing. The same area was shaken in 1864.

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DANGER IN DELAY

Kidney Diseases Are Too Dangerous for People to Neglect.

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